

Blizzard Warning by orphan_account

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Summary:

After an important blizzard warning hits Hawkins Indiana, Joyce and Hopper are forced to share a bed in a motel.

Blizzard Warning

The voice that spoke out of the radio was muffled by static,

“Weather update, blizzard warning in effect for the next 12 hours. Make sure you’re off the road folks, there’s no sign of the snow stopping soon.”

Her eyebrows furrowed, “Did you hear that Hop? We can’t drive in... this!” She motioned her hand at the windshield, whose wipers were trying their hardest to swat away the falling snow.

“Yeah... We’re still a good... hour away from your place,” He casually flicked the windshield wipers up another notch. “But...” he started, taking note of the very concerned Joyce Byers sitting next to him, “there’s a motel ‘bout 10 miles from here.”

“How the hell do you know that?” She scoffed, tugging her jacket around her shoulders tighter.

“Umm, experience.” He replied, sounding more like a question than an answer.

“Pfft, I see how it is Hop.” She slapped his shoulder, chuckling lightly. “Do the rooms have phones? To ya know... call—”

“To call Will and Jonathan? Yes. They do.” He smirked. She was so damn predictable at times. *And so damn precious.* “El is... with the

boys.”

“Mhm, thanks Hop.” She rolled her eyes, still holding a slight smile on her lips. “You can be such an asshole sometimes but... you’re a really great friend.” She cautiously laid her hand on his knee, slowly brushing her thumb back and forth.

He took in a deep breath, bringing his bottom lip between his teeth. *A great friend.* He went out of his way, nearly got killed twice, to save her and her boy. And all he is to her is—

“I mean it. Thank you Hop,” Joyce smiled, leaning closer to him and gently placing a kiss on his bearded cheek. “for everything.” Her grip on his knee tightened. Barely noticeable really. But his nerves were on end, feeling every little movement her finger made.

“I love—“ *I love you.* “this song.” He turned the volume dial so the current, static filled song, blasted through the speakers of the Blazer. Truthfully the song wasn’t very good, and after the chorus he turned the volume back down.

“Nice song.” She joked, scrunching up her nose.

“Kinda shit wasn’t it?” He laughed along with her, hoping that she would think his ‘I love this song’ was ironic.

“Really shit.” Joyce nodded. Her hand subconsciously slid up his thigh whilst they were laughing.

He murmured to himself, switching his gaze from the road to her hand for a brief second. Her fingers rest on the side of his thigh, meanwhile her palm laid on top.

“Oh, Jesus. I’m sorry.” She stuttered profusely, pulling her hand onto her own thigh. Joyce had heard him. “I didn’t notice... I..”

“Yeah it’s just... You know. When I’m driving...especially in these conditions. It’s a little hard...”

“What’s a little hard?” She said under her breath, smirk creeping on the side of her face.

“A lot of things are hard right now.” He said, white knuckling the steering wheel.

Joyce blushed furiously. “Jesus...” She blinked harshly, shaking her head. She could feel from the heat on her face. She was blushing.

A few moments later Hopper maneuvered the Blazer into the parking lot of the motel. He made sure Joyce got out of the truck safely before he stepped into the motel.

“Hey! Ummm, are there any rooms available?” Hopper said, both his hands digging into the pockets of his blue jeans.

“Jim Hopper! I’ll be damned.” The man who ran the front desk had a grainy, unpleasant sounding voice. “Room with a single I suppose.” He said as his eyes scanned the two, wearing a sly grin.

Hopper looked down at Joyce, whose eyes were already staring up at him.

“Double.” She mouthed.

“Actually... not tonight.” He forced a laugh, “Double please.”

The man glanced down at the paper on the desk. “Im awfully sorry but the only room available is a single, sir.”

“That’s alright,” Hopper huffed out a breath of air, “thank you.” He muttered while taking the room key off of the desk.

“Enjoy your stay.” The man grumbled, slipping on a pair of glasses and continuing to read his book.

“Hey Jonathan. Let Will and El know we’re staying at a motel tonight, it’s not safe to drive.” She left a voicemail. There was no answer at the house, but Hopper reassured her that they were probably having too much fun to realize the phone.

Joyce walked over to the *single* bed and climbed under the covers.

“I can sleep in the chair. It’s ok.” He stated, staring at the mattress, Joyces body tucked under the covers.

“Are you kidding? No way. You’re not sleeping in the chair, Jim Hopper.”

He grimaced, muttering something to himself as he slipped off his shoes and took his wallet out of his pocket and placed it on the nightstand.

Pulling her shirt over her head she said, “How about now?” His eyes instinctively locked onto her chest, but as soon as he realized it he forced them to her eyes.

His eyes widened and face went flush, “You really don’t need to do that—“

“It got your attention.” Joyce declared, unzipping her jeans and flinging them to the floor.

“Fine.” He replied, unbuttoning his flannel. “No way you’re getting me out of my boxers though.” He smirked, unbuckling his belt.

“Damn.” She smiled, eyeing him as he slid out of his jeans.

When Hopper relaxed into the bed, she laid her head on his stomach, positioning herself to face him.

“Finally.” She giggled, gliding a hand up his chest, stopping briefly to rake her fingers through the small patch of chest hair.

“Long fucking day.” Hopper muttered, eyes falling heavy. Her finger drew lines across his jawline, her other hand simultaneously massaging his scalp.

“I’ve been waiting for this.” Joyce said, smirk curling up the corner of her mouth. She began lightly kissing his collar bone, moving her hands across his shoulders. A harsh groan fell from Hoppers lips.

“Bite me.” He growled, watching her eyes flick upwards and lock with his.

“What?”

“Bite me.”

Joyce took his skin between her teeth, biting down. Hopper winced, sucking in a harsh breath through gritted teeth. He felt his cock twitch from beneath his boxers.

“Is this ok?” Her heavy-lidded eyes stared up at him.

“Yes.” He huffed, nodding his head, then letting it fall back. She nipped at his skin around his collar bone, leaving teeth marks and bruises.

Pulling her head up from his chest, she took note of his ragged breathing and his bottom lip bit between his teeth. Her gaze fell to his tented boxers.

“Fuck.” He grunted, pushing himself upwards. He reached for the blankets, pulling them over his lower-half.

She tilted her head upwards. Eyes filled with confusion and concern. “Did I hurt you?” She questioned, flipping onto her back next to him. She laid her head on his bare shoulder.

“God no.” He laughed. “Just you know... friends don’t...” She frowned before he was even able to finish his sentence, fingers caressing his cheek. “...pleasure their friends.”

“Friends? C’mon Hop. We’re much more than friends...” Her hand drifted from his face to his chest, eventually tracing circles on his lower stomach. “...don’t you think so?”

He watched her hand, “Joyce.” Hopper murmured, running a hand through his hair, “what are you...”

She interrupted him, pouting her lips, "I thought this is what you wanted?"

"I really do Joyce, really..."

"Mmm?" She hummed, moving both hands to his shoulders, hoisting herself up to his lap. "I miss you..." Joyce leaned over, whispering into his ear whilst keeping her ass on his hips, "I wish we stayed together..."

"I miss you too." His large hand gently held the back of her neck, and she got the message because Joyce slowly pulled back from his ear, crashing her lips into his.

Hopper opened his mouth to release a moan, just enough for Joyce to slip her tongue into his mouth. Hopper breathed heavily into the kiss, sliding his hands over her back. He unclasped her bra, flinging it to the floor. Almost instantly moving his hands to her breasts.

"God Hop..." Joyce sighed, grinding on him. The aching desire within her only burned more when he moved one of his hands to her panties, circling her clit through them. "Stop teasing..." She said on a sharp intake of breath.

Hopper grunted, using his other hand to slide the band of his boxers down past his cock. "Condom?" He exhaled, rubbing himself against her cotton clad folds.

“We’re good. The pill” Joyce said.

Hooking a finger in the crotch of her panties and pushing them to the side, “Ready?” Hopper panted.

“Have been.” She said, mouth curling into a half smirk. Hopper guided the head into her, moving his hands to her hips as she started sinking down onto him. Her jaw dropped, eyes squeezed shut, holding onto his shoulders, feeling his whole cock stretch her.

“Take your time.” Hopper groaned on a held breath. The grip on his shoulders tightened as she began moving. She rose and fell, ass slapping his thighs as she moved. He sucked and nipped her neck as she rest her head in the crook of his shoulder.

His hips snapped upwards. A long muffled moan vibrated his neck as he fucked into her. She was so close it was torture. “God...” She muttered on a whiny breath, feeling his hand slap her ass. Her legs began falling weak, bouncing on his cock faster, orgasm hitting her like a freight train.

Her walls squeezed around him, causing him to see fucking stars. “I’m there...” The groan he sounded turned to a sharp moan when she bit down on his shoulder. She felt his cock pulse, spilling balls deep inside of her.

Still somewhat sedated from his climax, Joyce found it upon herself to climb off of him. Joyce planted a single kiss on his forehead, then placing her forehead on his. “Jesus, you nearly put me in a damn coma.” He smirked, wrapping his arms around her waist.

She chuckled, pulling her head back. “Mmm.” She purred, feeling his hands massage her back. Joyce fell limp into his touch, burying her face in his neck.

“I’m gonna go get a cloth, clean you up, grab some cigarettes and I’ll be right back.” He whispered in her ear, pressing fingers into the back of her head.

She rolled over on her back, waiting patiently for Hopper to return.

When he cleaned her up, Hopper lit a cigarette, put his boxers back on and laid down. Joyce curled up next to him, splaying her arm across his chest.

“... I love you.” He mumbled, running fingers through her hair.

Her eyebrows furrowed, “What?”

“I love you.” He repeated, looking directly into Joyces eyes.

“You love me?” She questioned, plucking the cigarette from his lips.

“Yeah.” Hopper spoke, “Why are you surprised? You’re sexy, beautiful and brave. Really damn brave.”

“I’m sexy?” Joyce giggled into his neck, briefly kissing his neck.

“Fuck... really sexy.”

She let out a full laugh, raising her eyebrows high, passing the cigarette back to him. “You’re pretty damn sexy yourself, Hop. The beard, the ass,”

“My ass?” Hopper questioned loudly after taking a drag, chuckling slightly.

“Oh yeah!” Joyce laughed at his expression, “You have a nice ass!”

“Why my ass?” He said, closing his eyes and shaking his head.

“Have you ever seen it?”

“I mean, I don’t study my ass in the mirror.” Hopper laid his head back on the pillow, continuing to run his fingers through her hair.

“Your ass is sexy.” Joyce declared, hugging her arms around his waist, pressing a long kiss to his cheek.

“Ok? Yours too?” He snickered, handing her the cigarette again, unoccupied hand tracing circles over her back.

“Thank you.” She exhaled with the smoke.

“You’re not gonna question me?”

“Nope.”

Author's Note:

Hope you enjoyed this!